

THE  
Tenth SATYR  
OF  
JUVENAL  
DONE INTO  
English Verse.

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By J. H. Esq.

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*With an Epistle to the Vicar of T— in B—Shire.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Oxford  
Arms Inn in Warwick-Lane.

THE

Tenth SATYR

OF

TO VENAL

DOMESTICS

English Verse

11. 925

By J. H. Ellis

Printed at the Press of T. J. B. Smith

LONDON

Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Oxford  
Avenue in Warwick Lane

# Epistle Dedicatory.

To Mr. J. P.— A. M. And Vicar of  
T— in B— Shire.

TO my certain knowledge Mr. P— you have a considerable number of Books in your Study, which are I suppose like others, some better, and some worse: but amongst them all I believe you have scarce one without an Epistle Dedicatory, a Preface, an Advertisement, or somewhat Equivalent to these; The Office of all which, are (like that of the Master of the Ceremonies) to introduce the Book it self into the presence of the Friendly Reader, and to engage him before-hand with all the Terms of Courtisie and Complaisance to give it a kind Reception. Truly Breeding's a fine thing, and ought to be encouraged. To this purpose do many even before a poor Play, and often before somewhat else of less worth, make a Dedication to Persons of the highest Quality in the Land (when the Author finds his own Interest and Figure, not sufficient of it self) to bespeak them, to oblige the Reader to all Candour and Civility, which they frequently do as little concern themselves in, as the meanest Strangers, as the Emperour of Morocco, or the great Mogul. Now concerning this following Translation, which I venture abroad, for Reasons, I'll tell you by and by, I have deslin'd applying my self in this sort to any of the Nobles or Genry in the Land, and pickt you out from all others to Patronize it. And who more fit to protect my Constructions than he who has formerly been my Pedagogue, (tho' I confess it was but for a short time, and that in my Fathers house too) and who is still the present Minister of Our Parish, I should have said Spiritual Father and Teacher; but that I am resolv'd this Dedication shall be so far the reverse to all others, as not once to border upon Flattery. And indeed I think it is but agreeable what is prefixt to Satyr, should be of such a kind. Now all the Reasons (except what I just now nam'd) why I choose to make my Address to you in this Nature, are only these two. First, that without any manner of Starchness or Ceremony, I may write what I please to you with the greatest freedom and liberty that can be, which I  
doe

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love very much. And secondly, because whatever I do write, you will take no notice of it; for it is a most peculiar quality in your self, not to mind what another says to you, you being for the most part so intirely wrapt up, in the Contemplation of those wonderful Idea's, and pleasant Images fram'd in your own mind, that either you despise, or at least will not be at leisure to attend to the Petit and Foreign conceits of another Man. But by all means proceed in your own way, it is not fit that I should attempt to abridge you of that liberty, which at the same time I take: For now my hand is in, I desire no more to be controul'd, in what I write, than you in what you say, both in and out of the Pulpit. But it seems I have promised to give you some Reasons, why I publish this Version, and every honest Man ought to be as good as his word, tho' to his own prejudice; as for ought I know this may prove to mine, if you do not interpose stoutly in its Defence, which in Honour you are no less obliged to, notwithstanding my plain Dealing with you as occasion offers. I dare say Mr. P.—you do not think I bear you the least spleen or ill will, but rather the contrary, and shall still be ready to do you what kindness lyes in my power; and whatever Discovery is here made of failares, either in you or my self, I declare it is not design'd to prejudice either of us, but for both our amendments. But in the next place, to the Reasons I spoke of; methinks I am called upon for those Reasons; in truth I begin to repent me of my promise, and to wish I was well off it; for I find it harder to keep word than I thought for. But let the Truth out, be the Consequence what it will. Be it handsom or ugly, this Cub which I am now presenting to you, is my own, and no less than nine years old; just nine years ago, since I brought it forth in private for my own Pleasure as Diversion, and those few Friends who saw it so long since know; but I confess Mr. P.—you know nothing of this, for I did not then shew it you. The next thing I should say is, that it is now made publick by the importunity of Friends; but I will not tell a Ly, I cannot say so honestly; only this I can truly say, that to the best of my Remembrance upwards of five years ago, one of those Friends who had seen my Version, told me Juvenals Satyrs were about to come forth, and be done into English by several Hands, and that he thought mine would do well enough, or very well, or words to that purpose, for I am now upon Evidence, and he desir'd me to send it him to Town in ordine ad—So then I took my Cub, reviewed it, and lickt it over, sent it up to my Friend, who log'd it with Mr. Jacob Tonson, where it has layn quiet as a Lamb ever since, and hurt nobody. The other day out comes Juvenal in English, published by Mr. Dryden, the several Satyrs translated by himself and others, Printed by the same Mr. Tonson, and no notice in the least taken of this by Mr. Dryden, who perhaps possibly might not see it, altho' his Bookseller had it sent or five years by him, and still has it or has lost it. Some of my Friends told me, they expected to find my Name at the Tenth, upon which to say Truth, I looked a little simply, and told



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told them that I heard Mr. Dryden (to whom I am a Stranger) for some reasons best known to himself, was resolved to pitch upon the Translation of the Tenth Satyr, and where it was so much Impar Congressus it was not for me to vye. However, says my Friend (and he did urge me a little; tho' I cannot call it importunity) you ought to put yours out, because several of your Acquaintance have expected it, and who having only heard of it, will think it worse than it is: Upon that I took up this desperate resolution, of Printing it, resolving to run all hazards therein; nay, tho' at the same time I confess I have but a mean Opinion of it my self, and know it not to be done so well as it ought to be; and I dare say it is the persuasion of most Readers, that none of all the Translators come up to the beauty and strength of the Author himself. Besides, Mr. P—— I know not whether you have ever met with the following Adonastick,

Must none but Civet Cats have leave to sh---

A very unreasonable confinement! Were the use of the Pencil deny'd to every one but the Master Painter, he must of Course suffer in his reputation for want of Foyls. And upon second thoughts I am very well satisfied that it can be no loss of Reputation to a Country Gentleman, if he do's not Foot it so finely as a Dancing Master. And he who only now and then uses Poetry for his Diversion, may very well be excused if he do's not Top his part in it, equal to him, whose business, profession, and livelihood it is. And now methinks I have given a reason good enough and sufficient for the publishing of this. But I have a better behind, which is the admirable worth of the Satyr its self; so incomparably instructive for the good of Mankind, that it should be with my free consent, if at least ten more several Hands, would go on with the Version of this so many times over again to make it the more diffusive; Eo melius, Quo communius. I do not recollect I ever read any thing (Except in Holy Writ) which contains such a comprehensive Benefit in such short Dimensions, and affords such a variety of Matter fit for Divines to handle more at large from their Pulpits. And therefore as (Mr. Dryden says) it is no wonder that the present Bishop of Salisbury has recommended this Tenth Satyr of Juvenal, together with all those of Persius, to the serious perusal and practice of the Divines in his Diocese, as the best Common Places for their Sermons, &c. It is true, Persius may now be recommended in English, since we are beholding to Mr. Dryden, for his most excellent Translation of it, and making it to be understood, which it was so very few before. I have Barten Holy-Days English Persius by me, but the Author in Latin seems much the more intelligible of the Two. And as the old Monks formerly used to say at the sight of Greek Characters, Græcum est, non potest Legi, and so it was laid aside, the like has Persius been for being

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unintelligible. I am sorry farther to say it (but without question it's true) that there are too many (how few soever) amongst the Inferiour Clergy, whose Defect of Learning is such, by reason of all Foundations laid at School, upon which their short stay at the Universities, and their own Idleness into the bargain has not permitted them to make any considerable superstructure there, that they are not only incapable of construing Persius, but they cannot take the Genuine Sense of our Author, meerly for want of knowing Latin well enough; to those of them therefore whose Purse will bear it, I recommend the purchase of the late English Juvenal and Persius at large, Translated by Mr. Dryden, and several other eminent Hands: But to others, whose Benefices are smaller, and with whom Money is scarce, this will come at a low Price; and if Mr. B—— who Prints it, has Interest enough to engage several Ordinaries against they hold their next Visitations, each to take a Parcel off his Hands, in order to disperse amongst the said Clergy, he must needs then be in no danger of losing by this Copy. So, I am glad I have done with these Reasons: What with them, and what otherwise, I shall make this Dedication out-swell the Bulk of the little Book it self; which if it should, we have Modern Presidents sufficient to justify the same. Notwithstanding which (altho' it runs out of shape) before I take my leave of you Mr. P—— I have some Bolts to shoot as well as others, concerning Translating into English Verse; in which whosoever will be safe, and desires to be well instructed in the same, he will receive the best Directions and Rules for it, from my Lord Roscomons Essay upon Translated Verse, very surpassing in its kind. I confess this Version dares not stand Tryal upon the strict Test of those Laws, nor justify its self, in erring from those Rules; only this it has to say for it self, as I guess, it was near a Tear old when that was Printed, and I saw not that Essay, till some Years afterwards. That noble Author says, France has been beforehand with us in Translating the Roman and Greek, but we have since outdone them therein; and the reason he gives is, not that we exceed them in Wit, but that our Language is really better than theirs: However strange a Paradox this may seem to many, the meaning I suppose is, we have Words more significative and expressive, more useful in conveying knowledge, which is the end of all Language; and according as any Language performs this better; or worse, it ought to be prefer'd, and not according to its smoothness and soft sounding. To this purpose let me cite some Lines of the forementiou'd Essay.

Vain are our Neighbours hopes, and vain they'r cares,  
The fault is more their Language's than their's;  
'Tis copious, florid, pleasing to the Ear,  
With softness more perhaps than ours can bear:  
But who did ever in French Authors see  
The Comprehensive English Energie?

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The weighty Bullion of one Sterling line,  
Drawn to French Wire, would through whole Pages shine:  
I speak my private, but impartial Sense,  
With freedom, and I hope without offence.  
For I'll recant when France can shew me Wit,  
As strong as ours, and as succinctly Writ.

Neither do I think it impertinent here to reprehend the commonly Styling of those Men, the most Learned, who are most skilled in the variety of Languages, and the Criticisms therein: Whereas those rather should more justly deserve the appellation of most Learned, who have most useful knowledge in them, altho' they are Master of but one Language, so convey it to others. I remember an Ingenious Gentleman once told me, that he knew a Man, could speak seven several Languages, and not good sense in any one of them. If this looks like an Excursion, Mr. P—— none ought to excuse that more than your self, it being your frequent practice: Nay, I have known your Discourse for a whole hour together, to be Parenthesis within Parenthesis, without any knitting or joyning at all. The very thinking of which makes me too apt to imitate you in this Epistle; or on the other hand to make the Joynts of it too Gouty. All I have to say farther concerning Translating, is only this, viz. The same Man who is compleat Master of Words and Measures, and whose Genius is right set for the Translating of Soft Lays, yet he is not thereby qualify'd to perform the like in Satyr to the best advantage: For instance, one Man may Translate Ovid's Epistles very well, when the same smooth Turn is not to be practis'd in the Translation of Juvenal's Satyrs, which certainly are writ with a sort of Masterly roughness for the most part. And so on the contrary, another Man who has this Qualification Predominant will with the like disadvantage Translate one of Ovid's Epistles, unless he has such an absolute command over himself as to subject his own Genius, intirely to that of the Authors before him. Mr. Oldham, not many years since Dead, seemed to be one of the strongest Writers, in this different double Qualification; who, had he lived longer, gave the most hopeful promises of proving a great Master in English Poetry, which he made his business. I shall now detain you very little longer Mr. P—— I was about to gather Counsel for you, and present you variously in that kind; but I shall wave it till a convenient opportunity of discoursing with you: If you please we'll close this Dedication very seriously with a short Collect of our Authors,

Orandum est ut sit Mens sana in Corpore sano.

Pray God send you and I Health and Wisdom, an amendment to my Under  
standing

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standing and your Will, or rather to both in each of us. You know I told you at the beginning that this Epistle Dedicatory should, contrary to all others, utter nothing in praise of the Party it is made to, otherwise I could justly have said that I scarce know any one, who from so small an Income, and great Losses too, has made better Provision for his Family, and hitherto put his Children so well out into the World, as you have done, very much to your Commendation. But it is high time for me to leave off, when I am so near breaking my Word. Notwithstanding I have (out of choice) writ to you, after this maundring manner, which is much the same, as we use to talk together in sometimes; yet it being well meant, I'll not once doubt but it will be so taken: And I'll assure you farther, Mr. {P—— what Kindness lyes in my power, to do either to you, or yours, shall be very readily performed by

Sir,

Your real Friend, &c.

J. H.

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THE



Englified in the Year 1683.

The Poet sets forth in the following Satyr, how frequently the various desires of Mankind, (being granted) prove Curses to them, giving instances upon their praying for, and seeking after Riches, Honours, Eloquence, Victory, and Glory in VVarfare, Long-life and Beauty; that the very obtaining them often prove the ruin of the Possessors: He therefore advises Man only to pray for Health and Wisdom, and leave the rest to Providence, who knows what's fittest for us, and accordingly dispenses to us.

**T**Raverse this Busy Ball of Earth around,  
How few of Human-kind will there be  
(found,  
Whose Judgment from the Mist of Error free,  
The difference between Good and Ill can see?  
C For

For what with reason have we cause to dread,  
 Or on just grounds what's to be coveted ?  
 What wise contrivance can be laid so fine,  
 But that you may repent of your design ?  
 And the enjoyment of your eager wish  
 Its self shall prove the Murder of your Bliss?

Whole Families have their Destruction had,  
 By Heaven indulging to the Prayers they made.  
 Perils proceed not from the Sword alone,  
 As fatal Dangers do attend the Gown;  
 And many a Man his Death has fondly met,  
 By's florid Tongue and overflowing Wit ;  
 He too, who made a God of his strong Arms  
 Trusting to them, from them he felt his harms.

But Avarice has ruin'd many more,  
 By heaping up, till they encrease their store  
 Beyond their Neighbours Subsidies, as far  
 As British Whales bigger than Dolphins are.

In Nero's days of Blood and Violence,  
 Being rich was held a Capital Offence:  
 That brought <sup>2</sup> *Longinus* miserable Doom,  
 Not hanging *Cassius*'s Picture in a Room:  
 Old <sup>3</sup> *Seneca*'s fine Gardens made him bleed,  
 And being Wealthier than a Subject need :  
 To <sup>4</sup> *Lateranus* was allow'd no proof  
 Of Guilt, but seiz'd he was, and strait cut off:  
 The Plundering Souldier very rarely comes  
 Into poor Cottages, or empty Rooms.  
 If you've a little Treasure to convey,  
 How sneakingly by night you steal away!

And

And fancy every stubbed Bush you see  
To be an armed Man to murder thee;  
Thou tremblest at the shadow of a leaf,  
While the poor Trav'ler sings before the Thief.

Yet these are the chief wishes of mankind,  
Which ev'n in Temples his Devotions blind,  
Still asking for more Wealth; for every one  
Desires to be the Richest in the Town.

But none drinks Poison out of Earthen Ware;  
When the Crown'd Goblet's at thy Lips, then fear,  
And of Wine, sparkling in Gold Cups, beware.

Now therefore can you give applause to that  
Which a ' Wise man laugh'd in derision at?

At which another <sup>6</sup> Man, as wise as he,  
Wept, when he put his Head abroad to see  
The Follies of the Sons of Misery.

You'll say 'tis easie for a man to laugh,  
But to weep always is more strange by half.

*Democritus* perpetual Laughter made

At Foolries in the Towns where he was bred,  
Yet he saw no such Robes and Rods at home,  
Nor other Trinkets, as there are at *Rome*.

What if he had seen a new chose Magistrate  
One of our chiefest Ministers of State,  
In his Guilt Chariot, and Embroider'd Vest,  
A Pageant for the gaping Rabble drest?  
Thus mounted in the middle of the dirt,  
Staring about him to behold the sport,  
With a large Trailing Purple colour'd Gown,  
Which hangs from his much Honour'd shoulders  
(down,

A Crown so heavy as no head can wear,  
 A sweaty fellow do's behind him bear,  
 Who, lest the Consul's Thoughts should swell,  
 (too high,

In the same Chariot with him rides, to cry,  
*My Lord, remember your Mortality.*

Look next upon an Ivory Scepters Top,  
 How the Spread-Eagle there is mounted up:  
 See here a Troop of Horn-pipes toot along,  
 Before him Friends, & humble Servants throng  
 About his Chariot sides, clad all in White;  
 March Loving Friends, such as get mony by't.

In's own dull Clymate fam'd *Democritus*,  
 Derided things much less ridiculous:  
 Yet proper Objects of a Wise man's scorn, (born  
 Whose Prudence shews us that there may be  
 Men of great Sense and exemplary Worth,  
 In the worst Clymes and Countries upon Earth.

He laugh't at Mortal Man's fantastick Cares,  
 His vain rejoycings and his fruitless Tears:  
 When angry Fortune frownd, it made him  
 (mock,

And point more at her for a laughing-stock.  
 While prayers which to those Idol-Gods are sent,  
 Prove hurtful, or at best impertinent.

Ev'n Power it self (which one would think  
 (should be

The most invincible security, )  
 When undermin'd by Envy headlong throws,  
 To ruin the great Man, and all his House:  
 Honours



Honours and Ancestors are vilify'd,  
 And every Action of Renown, bely'd,  
 The Rabble pulls, and down his Statues go,  
 Their Axes cut his Chariot Wheels in two;  
 His harmless Horses Legs are broke, and now }  
 The Great *Sejanus* in the Furnace ly's,  
 How the Fire crackles, and his Image Frys?  
 Behold that Noble Head, so late ador'd,  
 Of all the Universe the second Lord,  
 New run, do's but brass Pots and Pans produce,  
 And other Utenfils of meanest use.

But get your wreaths of Laurel ready made,  
 To th' Capitol a large White Heifer's led,  
 There to be offer'd up a Sacrifice  
 To *Jupiter* for these Discoveries.  
 See, see, the Great *Sejanus* drag'd, aloud  
 He's mock'd and lur'd at by the giddy Crowd :  
 Crys one, what ugly pouting Lips he has !  
 Who would not swear that was a Traytors Face !  
 Believe me, I nere lik't the Man, not I,  
 But what's the Crime for which he is to dy?  
 Who's the Informer? what's the Evidence  
 That's brought against him? None ( without  
 offence)

Only from<sup>s</sup> *Caprea* a long Letter came,  
 Writ to the Senate in *Tiberius* Name.  
 O very well, I ask no more; but pray,  
 At these proceedings what do th' People say ?  
 They help them forward as they'r wont to do;  
 Whom Fortune favours, is they'r Favourite too:

A Man Condemn'd they damn without remorse:  
 Had Fortune on a suddain chang'd her course,  
 And put *Tiberius* in *Sejanus* power,  
 This very People in this very hour,  
 Had call'd Him Traytor, this Man Emperour. }  
 The *Romans* lost the profits of their voice,  
 E're since they lost they'r priviledge, in choice  
 Of all the greatest Officers of State,  
 Nor are they very much concern'd thereat;  
 Only Sollicitous, to have the Court,  
 Give them they'r Belly fulls, and find 'em sport.

Yet shall you hear one whispering of the Plot,  
 No doubt there's many more to go to Pot:  
 The preparations are for Slaughter great,  
 I but ev'n now at *Mars's* Altar met  
 My Friend <sup>o</sup> *Brutidius* looking gashly pale,  
 Which made me fear things did not go so well:  
 Heaven grant our <sup>o</sup> *Ajax* in his fury knows  
*Cesar's* true Loyal Subjects from his Foes;  
 Then headlong let us run where it does lie,  
 And kick the Traytors Corpse with Infamy:  
 But let our Servants see us pay th' abuse,  
 Least they to save themselves should us accuse.  
 Thus go's the talk about *Sejanus* Fate,  
 And privately they murmur at this rate.

Now who would be *Sejanus*, tho' he were,  
 In all his past Prosperities to share?  
 Make Officers, as he was wont to do,  
 Both in the City and the Army too;  
 Be call'd his Princes Tutor, (who ne're stirs,  
 The while from his belov'd Astrologers:)

Would

Wouldst be Commander of the Foot and Horse,  
The Generalissimo of *Cæsar's* Force?

I'll not deny, but 'tis to be desir'd,  
When it may innocently be acquir'd;  
For he whose honest Conscience scruples Ill,  
Can yet dispense with having power to kill:

But in the greatest Power a Man enjoys,  
Will all the Good the Evil Counterpoise?  
Who'd put the Purple Robes of Grandeur on  
To be like him, to Ruin tumbled down?

Is it not better far to be content,  
With a small Corporations Government?  
To be poor <sup>10</sup> *Ædile* of <sup>11</sup> *Ulubra* there  
To break false Measures, and false Weights repair?  
This of *Sejanus* then you must confess,  
He never understood true Happiness:

Who too much Honour, too much Riches sought,  
Till by those gilded baits of Fortune caught,  
Was mounted to her highest Pinnacle,  
From whence he had the much more dreadful  
(fall.

What Murder'd <sup>12</sup> *Crassus*? what lost <sup>13</sup> *Pompey's* breath?

What wrought the Great <sup>14</sup> Dictators bloody  
But wild Ambition to become Supreme, (death?  
And what they coveted Heaven granting them:  
For few Crown'd Heads go to the Grave in peace,  
And Tyrants seldom dye of a Disease.

*Demosthenes* and <sup>15</sup> *Tully's* Eloquence,  
Are justly prais'd for Wit and mighty Sense;

On

On which School-boys at breaking up declaim,  
 And pray *Minerva* to give them the same :  
 To imitate them every Block-head strives,  
 And yet their Rhetorick cost them both their lives.  
*Tully's* sharp VVit edg'd with a bitter scoff,  
 His Hands, and his grey aged Head cut off :  
 VVhile the small practiser his Throat may tear  
 With bawling, e're his Blood shall stain the Bar.  
<sup>16</sup> What happinefs did happen unto thee,  
 O *Rome*, when thou didst me thy Consul see!  
 This was such very harmles Poetry. }

<sup>17</sup> *Antony's* Cut-throats he could never fear,  
 If all he spoke had been no more severe  
 Let me compose the *Dogrel Tetraстiche*  
 Rather than thy Divine *Philippick* speech.

Nor had <sup>18</sup> *Demosthenes* a better Fate,  
 Whose Golden Tongue rul'd the Athenian State.  
 Got in a froward minute, and brought forth  
 Under malignant Aspects at his Birth,  
 The blear-ey'd Father, Blacksmith by his Trade,  
 Will have his Son to be a Scholar bred,  
 Who from the footy Forge and Anvil sent,  
 To School, unluckily grew Eloquent.

In Triumph see, the Man of Steel return  
 VVith spoils of War, and ragged Trophy's born, }  
 His Armor batter'd, and his Helmet torn ; }  
 The Pole and Carriage of his Chariot broke, }  
 With Streamers from a Conquer'd Gally took }  
 On high a Captive rides with a sad look.  
 This more than any human Blessing is  
 The Soldier cries; and troth, for only this The



*The Roman, Greek, and every Pagan chief*  
*Gets Wounds, and hazzards, loss of Blood, and Life.*  
*Men all this pains for Fame, not Vertue take;*  
*What Man acts vertuously for Vertue's fake?*  
*Thus glorious Titles are acquir'd by some,*  
*Who on they'r Countries ruin build they'r Tomb,*  
*Which springing Shrubs, at length shall make*  
*(decay,*  
*Or Time, who moulders Monuments away.*

Put all that's left of mighty <sup>19</sup> *Hannibal,*  
 And try how many pounds he weighs i'th Scale.  
 Strange! who would think that this should be  
 ( the Man,

Whom Living, not all *Africk* could contain,  
 From the *Atlantick* to the fruitful *Nile*,  
 But for more Empire he must Sweat and Toyl.  
 To joyn *Spain* to his Race of *Æthiops*,  
 He marches o're the *Pyrean* Mountains Tops;  
 From thence in *Italy*, to levy *War*,  
 He eats his way thro Rocks with Vinegar:  
*Italy* got he's still dissatisfy'd,  
 Nothing's yet done, this Braggadocio cry'd,  
 Until I break they'r City Gates, and come  
 To pitch my Standard in the heart of *Rome*.  
 What a fine Figure 'twould in Picture make  
 This one ey'd Spark, upon an Elephants back?

Vain fading Glory! what's thy end? at last,  
 This Man or'come to Exile fled as fast,  
 Who inth' *Bythynian* Court his distance keeps,  
 And waits Attendance while that Monarch sleeps;

Nor Swords, nor Rocks, nor Darts, could end this  
 ( Life,  
 Which in the World wrought so much bloody  
 But in a Ring a little Poison hid, ( strife;  
 Was the Avenger for the Blood he shed.  
 Go, Mad-man, climb the dreadful Alps, that Boys  
 In Declamations may T'one forth thy praise.

The <sup>20</sup> Great *Pellæan* Youth complains, and cries,  
 One World's too narrow for my Victories ;  
 This Earth wants elbow-room, as if the while,  
 H'had been Coop't up in Rocky <sup>21</sup> *Gyarus* Isle :  
 Yet having enter'd *Babylon*, we see,  
 A Coffin held him wondrous quietly.  
 Death shews what Human Composition is -  
 He's the Plain-dealer with our Carcasses.

In Ancient Times it was believ'd to be,  
 About Mount *Athos* Navigable Sea,  
 That <sup>22</sup> *Xerxes* Fleet lay there, (tho' the *Greeks* lye  
 Most damnably in writing History.)  
 When cross those Streights he made a Bridg of  
 And rattl'd o're it with his Chariots; ( Boats,  
 That after dinner for a large Grace-Cup,  
 His Army drank whole running Rivers up :  
 So sung by <sup>23</sup> *Sostratus*, that soaking Sot;  
 But when away from *Salamis* he got,  
 How then return'd he back after his loss?  
 Who whip'd the very Winds for being cross,  
 Never so fir'd before by *Æolus*.  
 By whose command Fetters were thrown i'th Sea,  
 To bind her that she might not disobey,

And

And kind he thought it, not to burn the Waves,  
( Gods only can be fit for *Xerxes* Slaves. )

But how return'd he back? This blustering Huff,  
In a small Fisher-boat went sneaking off,  
Which every floating Carkass turn'd aside ;  
The Fool for fear of Drowning terrify'd,  
And plagu'd for his incorrigible Pride.

Such are the Punishments and Sufferings,  
Which the immoderate Lust of Glory brings.

Then for long Life, *Jove* grant me length of Days,  
So the Young, Healthful, Old, and sickly prays ;  
But what's Old Age? continued Miseries ,  
An ill stuff'd Bundle of Infirmities ;

Deformity encroaching on the Face ,  
And it grows nothing like to what it was ;  
It wears a writhled and discolour'd skin,  
Has flabby Cheeks sunk with deep furrows in,  
Meagre and wrinkled, nor in hiew nor shape  
Unlike the crumpl'd Visage of an Ape.

Young Men may be distinguish'd several ways,  
One has a petty smirk about the Face,

Another Limbs, and good broad Shoulders has.

Old Men are all alike, their Members shake  
With Palsy, and they quaver when they speak.  
Their Crowns are bald, their Noses Snotty be,  
Just as they were, in driveling Infancy :

Their Meat for want of Teeth they cannot chew,  
Helpless and very troublesom they grow,

To their Wives, Children and themselves, nor less  
Do their own Syc'phants loath their Nastiness.

The

The Old Mans relish of his Palate's lost ;  
 Neither good Wine, nor Sawces, can he tast;  
 The pleasure when he knew a Woman last  
 Is quite forgot; nay, tho with Art all Night,  
 She tries to set his wither'd Tool upright,  
 Tis past all hopes of knowing more delight.  
 By Nature jilted, the attempt's given o're ;  
 And thus the feeble Lecher jilts the Whore.

Examine now another Sense decay'd,  
 Grown deaf, no Musick makes his hearing glad ;  
 He's not affected with the warbling Note,  
 Of the fam'd Songster Clad in gaudy Coat,  
 Not tho't comes from <sup>24</sup> *Seleucus* warbling Throat.  
 Sets him down in the Play-house any where,  
 Haut-Boys, or Trumpets he can scarcely hear;  
 And's Boy must hollow to acquaint him who  
 'Twas enter'd last, or how the Time do's go.  
 Then in his Veins some Blood do's slowly creep,  
 Which gentle Feavers just from freezing keep ;  
 Diseases are so numerous throughout  
 His Body, that 'tis easier to compute,  
 What numbers have giv'n <sup>25</sup> *Hippia's* Lust relief,  
 How many Patients in one fall o'th Leaf  
 Were kill'd by Doctor <sup>26</sup> *Themison*, or count what  
<sup>27</sup> *Basil* the Præfect by his Cheating got :  
 How many Orphans <sup>28</sup> *Irus* has undone,  
 How many lusty Rogues 'twixt Sun and Sun,  
<sup>29</sup> *Maura* that Whore Intallibly enjoys,  
 Or that lewd Pædagogue <sup>30</sup> *Amillus* Boys.



'Tis easier reckon'd (tho' twould put me to't)  
 What Farms my <sup>31</sup> Barber, that rich Knave, has  
 (bought.

One Old Man cry's, my Shoulder's full of pains,  
 This of his Legs, that of his Hips complains.  
 Stark blind with Age, another envies him,  
 Who yet has sight left, tho't be nere so dim :  
 Unable this to lift his own to's Head,  
 By others Hands at his pale Lips is fed ,  
 At sight of which he opens wide his Chops,  
 And yawns, just as the young starv'd Swallow

(gapes,  
 When with full mouth the fasting Mother flies  
 To give that food, which she to' her self denies.

But tho the loss of Limbs be grievous, yet  
 Worse is his loss of Sense, who can forget  
 His Servants names, or know his Friend no more,  
 Altho' he sup't with him the Night before :  
 Whose Lawful Children so forgotten are,  
 A wheedling Whore gets to be made his Heir ;  
 VVho artifice in wanton kisses shews,  
 And all her little Tricks of Lechery do's,  
 As had long since been taught her in the Stews. }  
 But if his Senses strong and vig'rous are,  
 They so much greater grief Administer :  
 Brethren and Sisters he sees laid i'th Grave,  
 His Children's ashes they'r Interment have,  
 The fun'ral Pile prepar'd for his Lov'd VVife ;  
 These are th' afflictions of too long a Life.

For loss of Friends he constant Mourning wears,  
 All the Calamities of his House he bears,  
 Till he grows Old in Sorrows, as in Years.

King <sup>32</sup> Nestor (if we may give credit to  
 Great Homer ) Liv'd the longest next a Crow:  
 Happy no doubt whom Death so long delays,  
 He with his <sup>33</sup> Right hand fingers counts his days,  
 Who drank new Wine so oft: But lets forbear  
 A while to judge him so, and himself hear,  
 Complaining of the rigid Laws of Fate,  
 To spin his Thread of Life to such a Date:  
 He saw his Son <sup>34</sup> Antilochus expire,  
 And his long Beard flame in the Funeral Fire  
 The wretched Nestor, cries to every one,  
 What have I done, that I should live so long?  
 Old Peleus mourns his Son Achilles slain;  
 And when <sup>35</sup> Ulysses wandred on the Main  
 His Old Sire too, (believing him his Son,  
 The Cuckold griev'd as if he'd been his own.)  
 Had <sup>36</sup> Pryam dy'd while Troy was flourishing,  
 H'had slept with his Forefathers like a King;  
 Hector and Brothers (while his Subjects mourn)  
 The Royal Corpse had on their shoulders born;  
<sup>37</sup> Cassandra had accompany'd his Heir,  
 With beautiful <sup>38</sup> Polixena in Tears:  
 Thus 'twould have been, if he had dy'd before  
 Lewd <sup>39</sup> Paris put to Sea to fetch a Whore.  
 What pleasure could long Life to him afford,  
 Who saw his Country wast by Fire and Sword?

Compell'd in his Old Age to take up Arms,  
 When at *Joves* Altar (following the Alarms, )  
 As he was fighting in his Sons defence,  
 A Sturdy Captain kills the trembling Prince:  
 So falls the Aged Ox, his labour done,  
 A Sacrifice to the ungrateful Clown.

How ere he dy'd a Man ; but <sup>40</sup> *Hecuba*  
 Surviv'd, Transform'd to, a Bitch (as Stories say) }  
 And bark't the remnant of her life away.

But to bring instances at home, I pass  
 King <sup>41</sup> *Mithridates*, and rich <sup>42</sup> *Cresus* case,  
 Whom the Wise *Solon* justly did forbid,  
 To reckon himself happy ere he dy'd.

Old <sup>43</sup> *Marius* overcome, to Roggs he fled,  
 Thence taken, was in a dark Dungeon laid,  
 And afterwards near *Carthage* beg'd his Bread. }  
 Not *Rome* a happier Man had ever known,  
 Nor Nature on the Earth his equal shown,  
 If when his crowd of Captives, Pomp of War  
 The Grandeur of his Triumph did declare,  
 Lighting from's Chariot in that Glorious Day  
 Then *Marius* Noble Soul had fled away.

<sup>44</sup> *Pompey* a Feaver at *Campania* had,  
 For whose recov'ry publick Prayers were made;  
 He was restor'd to Health, and liv'd to have,  
 His Head Cut off by an *Egyptian* slave;  
 A sort of Death the Traytor <sup>45</sup> *Lentulus*  
 Ne're knew, nor did <sup>46</sup> *Cethegus* suffer thus:  
 Ev'n <sup>47</sup> *Cataline* the Chief of them, was slayn  
 Fairly in Battle, fighting like a Man.

In *Venus* Temple the fond Mother prays,  
 With an indifferent Zeal, for handſom Boys;  
 But her Zeal's doubled in an eager Prayer,  
 That all her Girls may be Divinely Fair:  
 And can you cenſure me for this, ſhe ſays?  
 Happy <sup>48</sup> *Latona* to rejoyce had cauſe,  
 In ſuch a Daughter as <sup>49</sup> *Diana* was.  
 True, but fair <sup>50</sup> *Lucrece* deſtiny do's forbid,  
 Her wretched Beauty's to be coveted:  
 And would not delicate <sup>51</sup> *Virginia*,  
 To have chang'd Fates, chang'd ſhapes with <sup>52</sup> *Ru-*  
} (tila?

The Beauteous Son creates continual care  
 To, its fearful Parents, who well know 'tis rare }  
 When Modeſty and Beauty coupl'd are.  
 Nay, tho' good Rules and Abſtinence preſerve  
 Him chaſt, as the Old *Sabines* tho' to ſtarve;  
 All Luſtful inclinations, Nature ſhou'd  
 Aſſiſt to temper, and make cool the Blood;  
 ( For frigid Nature better can keep in  
 Ill Motions, than the ſtricteſt Diſcipline. )  
 Yet e're this Lovely Youth's a Man become,  
 By ſome profuſe rich Lecher a large Summ  
 Is to his Parents profer'd for the Boy:  
 Thus powerful Bribes weak Honesty deſtroy.

No Tyrants, when they *Eunuchs* make, will ſeize  
 On any Youth with groſs Deformities:  
*Nero* no Clubfoot will a Pathick make,  
 Nor one with ſwellings in Throat, Breaſt, or Back.



Go then, and of thy Sons fam'd Beauties boast,  
 Which still to greater dangers are expos'd.  
 If he escapes Gelding, then 'tis ten to one,  
 But he's the greatest Whoremaster in Town,  
 And runs the risque t' encounter whatso'ere  
 The most exasperated Cuckolds dare:  
 Nor can he hope to be so Fortunate,  
 As never to be caught in *Mars's* Net,  
 Where he severer Punishments shall meet,  
 Than any Law do's for his Crime inflict:  
 By Stab, some have to sudden Death been sent,  
 Others with Bloody Stripes been Cut, some Rent  
 By a Mullet thrust up thro' their Fundament.  
 But thy *Endymion* say, doth only ly  
 With her he Loves; the restless Lechery  
 Of her he Loaths, tempts him with Gold to do'r,  
 Can he refuse when she to bribe him to't,  
 Has pawn'd her rich Embroider'd Petty-coat?  
 She will no Methods to her self deny,  
 Who has her rageing Lust to gratifie;  
 Whether she be profuse or Covetous  
 T' attain her ends she can her Humour cross.

But to the chaste what hurt has Beauty done?  
 Witnesses <sup>33</sup> *Hippolitus*, and <sup>34</sup> *Bellerophon*,  
 Who *Stenobea* was tormented with,  
 And *Phadra's* passion caus'd the others Death.  
 A Woman's Wrath implacable do's prove,  
 When shame Spurs on Revenge for slighted Love.

What's to be chose in such a desperate case  
 As <sup>35</sup> his, the fairest Youth of Noble Race?  
 Compell'd to be a wretched Sacrifice,  
 For being lovely in the Empress Eyes.  
 See *Messalina*, (*Cesar* gone aside)  
 Set forth with all th' Adornments of a Bride;  
 Her Bride Beds in a flowry Garden made,  
 The accustom'd Portion is told out and paid,  
 The Publick Notary and Diviner's there  
 With all sufficient Witness to declare  
 The Marriage wondrous Lawful on her part:  
 How beats the Pulse of the poor Bridegrooms heart?

He knows 'tis present death if he deny,  
 And gains but little Time if he comply :  
 While Rumour of the Crime, is spread about,  
 The Town, and *Cæsar* (tho' the last) must know't.  
 In the mean time thy Life is short and sweet,  
 Enjoy Brave Wretch the best thou canst of it :  
 Hard Fate affords no better choice to make,  
 Both alike fatal to thy fine white Neck.

Must Man then pray for nothing at this rate,  
 Since nothing do's him good ? To answer that,  
 Take my advice, Let us contented sit,  
 And our concerns to Providence submit,  
 Who knows what's proper, and bestows what's fit.  
 Who of our good takes an especial care,  
 Kinder to us than to our selves we are.  
 For we driv'n by the Passions of our mind,  
 And led by fond Desires, as Bold, as Blind,  
 Covet a Wife, and Child; when God above  
 Alone, knows what the Wife or Child may prove.

Yet that our Prayers, for something made, may rise  
 To Heaven an acceptable Sacrifice ;  
 Let's pray for Health, and Wisdom, pray to have  
 A Mind so great, Deaths Terrors can't enslave,  
 As knowing he that quits this Life, but pays  
 A due and priviledge which Nature has :  
 A Mind by no Calamities deprest,  
 Which Anger stirs not, nor Desires molest  
 Which will in choice severest Labours bare  
 And the hard Toyls of *Hercules* prefer,  
 To all <sup>so</sup> *Sardanapalus* Luxuries,  
 His VVomen, VVine, and soft inglorious ease.

I'll shew how we may add to our own Bliss;  
 Through Vertue lyes the Road to Happiness ;  
 If with discretion every thing we do,  
 The Divine VVisdom will assist us too:  
 But we neglect all-seeing Providence,  
 And make a Diety of Stark blind Chance.

## Advertisement.

**T**His Version, such as it is, will require some Notes, and more perhaps than if it had been better : But as Mr. Shadwell, and Mr. Dryden (I conclude) have made use of Sr. R. Stapyltons, Holidays Luben's, &c. So, because I love my ease as much as any of them, I shall not scruple (as I have occasion) to take from those that ly next me, be the Commentator, Modern or more Ancient. For when once the discovery is made of the Person and Story related to by the Author, there will be very little room left to make any mistakes in : And in performing this there's no doubt but we shall all agree peaceably enough. And since commonly these sort of Notes are but dull things of themselves, tho' they are called Illustrations and Illuminations, &c. in my Opinion Mr. John Dryden Junior's method therein is very allowable, and for ought I know more Luculent than the Dauphin's famous Tutors.

### Notes upon the Tenth Satyr of Juvenal.

1. **H**E too, &c. all Persons agree this Man here meant to be Milo of Crotona, who was a devilish strong huffing Fellow : He would carry an Ox a Furlong; and hold his Breath all the while : He would knock down a Bull stark Dead, with one blow of his Fist, and afterwards make but one meals Meat of him. At last striving to rend an Oak in two, his Arms were caught in the Cleft of it, and there he was held till some wild Beasts in Revenge came and devoured him.

( 2. ) C. Cassius Longinus, a learned Lawyer and possessed of great Riches, which Nero resolving to have, seized him as a Traytor, put out his Eyes, and within an hour after had him murdered. All the proof of his Treason was, his having C. Cassius's Picture in his Chamber, who was a Conspirator against Julius Caesar, above 100. years before, and perhaps an Ancestor of this unhappy Longinus.

( 3. ) The famous Seneca, Nero's Tutor ; all the Ladies know his Story, and have seen his Picture naked, bleeding to Death in a Bath.

( 4. ) Plautus

( 4. ) *Plautius Lateranus*, only upon suspicion of being in *Piso's* conspiracy, was by *Nero's* order seiz'd and dispatched so quick, that it was deny'd him to take his leave and last Farewel of his own Children. These are three very comfortable instances of the effects of Arbitrary Power.

( 5. ) *Democritus* of *Abdera*, a City in *Thrace*, a great Philosopher and one who always laugh'd at the various Fooleries and Miseries of Mankind, as created by himself. Perhaps that chearful temper of his, made him live to be 109. years old, as *Laertius* says he was.

( 6. ) *Heraclitus* of *Ephesus*, another great Philosopher, who as perpetually wept at the same : But I do not find he lived so long.

( 7. ) Here is a large and extraordinary instance in the fall of *Sejanus*, who was such a peculiar Favorite to the Emperour *Tiberius*, as perhaps the World never knew a greater Subject, more prosperous while he continued so, nor one more mean and vile when once fallen into disgrace, in respect of the usage he met withal.

( 8. ) *Capree*, An Island near *Campania*, where the Emperor *Tiberius* resided much, and spent his time there very scurvily ; so ill, it is a shame to make a relation of it.

( 9. ) This *Brutidius* it seems was a Lawyer, and of the Emperors Counsel. But here is the greatest difference amongst our Commentators, whether our Author applies the Name of *Ajax* in the Line following to this same *Brutidius*, or to the Emperor himself : Of a party now I must be, and therefore will side with those I apprehend to be the strongest ( viz. ) With those who apply it to *Brutidius*, who I take to be a kind of an Attorney General to *Cesar*, and who upon the discovery of this Plot of *Sejanus's*, laid about him so plaguily to secure himself in the Emperours Grace and Favour, that he mistook Friends for Foes, and prosecuted good Loyal Subjects as Enemies to the State. I wish our remembrance could not reflect on something too like it in the Late Reigns.

( 10. ) The *Edile* was the lowest sort of Magistrates among the Romans, whom I should complement to compare with the Mayor of one of our Corporations.

( 11. ) *Uluhra*, not to complement this Town ; it was a sad poor one, as one may conjecture, a little better than *Castle-Rising*, and not quite so good as *Higbam Ferrars* in *Northamptonshire*.

( 12. ) *Crassus*, slain in *Parthia*, thither carried by his Ambition.

( 13. ) *Pompey* the Great, treacherously murdered by *Ptolomy's Eunuch*, *Achilles* pretending to receive him as a Friend.

( 14. ) Even *Julius Caesar* himself, whose end is known to every one, concerning which ( if you please ) you may read Mr. *Cowley's* Poem, called



called *Brutus*. It was wont to be said that this *Caesar* could not endure an Equal, nor *Pompey* a Superiour.

(15.) *M. Tullius Cicero*, the Famous Orator, whose Story is familiar to all School-boys: No Man ever deserv'd better of the Roman Government, and no Man worse us'd than he in his Old Age, upon its Alteration, by the *Triumvirate*; especially by *M. Antonius*, who caused his Head and Hands to be cut off, and nail'd to the *Rostrum* (*anglice Pulpit*) from whence *Cicero* had deliver'd those smart Orations against *M. Antony*, which *Tully* had a fancy to call *Philippiques*, it seems, because *Demosthenes* before him, had made the like severe ones against *Philip King of Macedon*.

(16.) *What Happines, &c.* Certainly notwithstanding *Scaliger's* Vindication of this in the Latin, our Author mentions it in ridicule, as a very silly Verse, and most esteem it such, tho' not so easily mock'd in *English* Verse, as it is construed. Mr. *Dryden*, without dispute, has done it beyond any Translator, he has Tagg'd it Top and Bottom, and made it jingle every ways.

*Fortune foretun'd the dying Notes of Rome,  
Till I thy Consul sole Consol'd thy Doom.*

I confess nine years ago, when I made this Version, this Couplet was not the same as it is now, nor now as it should be, only methinks any ways turn'd ridiculously it may be well enough allow'd of.

(17.) *Marcus Antonius*, a bloody Roman Tory, who us'd *Cicero* just as before related: But when *Augustus* got the Power from him, and made himself absolute, then *Antony* stood up for the Ancient Rights and Liberties of *Rome* when it was too late, and he could not enslave them himself, or perhaps Afflictions might alter his mind and mend him.

(18.) *Demosthenes*. As famous for his Oratory amongst the *Athenians*, as *Tully* was among the *Romans* about 250 years after him. Both alike engaged in the Defence of the Laws & Liberties of their Countries, and both equally unfortunate in their End: For when *Antipater* sent *Archias* the Player to perswade *Demosthenes* to come to him, and to assure him with fair words, that if he would, he should not suffer in any kind; *Demosthenes* reply'd to him, I never liked thee, *Archias* when thou wer't a Player, but much worse now thou actest the Ambassador. At that *Archias* threatned to force him away. Stay, said *Demosthenes*, now thou unfoldest the *Macedonian* Oracle before thou talk'dst like a Player: let me but write to my Friends, and I'll go with thee. Then seeming to be about to dispatch Letters, he put a

Quill into his Mouth, and from thence suck't poyson, which he had purposely hid there to dispatch himself in extremity.

(19.) *Hanibal*. The Famous General of the *Carthaginians*, who was a severer Scourge to the *Romans*, than any they ever met withall. He being afterwards distressed in *Byrhinia*, and suspecting that that King would deliver him up to his Mortal Enemies the *Romans*, to prevent it Poisoned himself, sucking his Poyson from the hollow of a Ring, a trick he had probably learn't from the aforesaid *Demosthenes*.

(20.) *Alexander* the Great, who died in the thirtieth year of his Age.

(21.) *Gyarus*, a small Island, to which the *Romans* were wont to send great Criminals for Confinement.

(22.) *Xerxes*. The mighty King of *Persia*, whose Army is said to consist of 1000000 Men, the biggest I believe mentioned in any Story; notwithstanding which, he received a Defeat by *Themistocles*, at *Salamis*, whose ridiculous going off then, and his prodigious vain carriage towards the Winds and Seas is very pleasantly described by our Author.

(23.) *Sostratus*, An extravagant drunken Poet, fit to write such an expedition as *Xerxes's* was.

(24.) *Seleucus*. The most Eminent Musician in the Author's time, for playing on, and singing to the Lute.

(25.) *Hippia*, a Lady of Quality, Wife to *Viento* a Senator, who ran away with *Sergius* the Fencer, and grew very Lewd.

(26.) *Themison*, an Eminent Physician in *Rome*, Famous there as *Willis* or *Lower* amongst us of late, and killed as many perhaps.

(27.) *Basilus*, Prefect of a Province, by a Conquest brought under the subjection of the *Romans*, where he unconscionably Opprest and Pillaged the Inhabitants.

(28.) *Irus*. A Roguish Guardian, who shamefully enriched himself by cheating Orphans.

(29.) *Maura*. A confounded scandalous Whore.

(30.) *Amittus*. A filthy Sodomite.

(31.) *Isocratus* Barber, whose name some say was *Licinius*, others *Cimamus*, who being kept by a Wealthy Madam, was grown so rich, that he work't himself up to a *Roman* Gentleman at least; if not a Senator.

(32.) *Nestor*, King of *Pylus*, who was said to live near three hundred years.

(33.) The Ancients counted upon the Fingers of their Left Hand as far as a hundred, beyond that they used their Right Hand, to much greater Sums.

(34.) An-

( 34. ) *Antilochus*. A worthy Son of Old King *Nestors* : This *Antilochus* is not supposed to dye very young, because our Author expresses him Bearded.

( 35. ) *Ulysses*, his supposed Fathers name was *Laertes*, but *Ajax* said *Sisyphus* got him. He was a subtle Bastard if he was one.

( 36. ) *Priam*. The last King of *Troy*, was very old and infirm ; when at the Altar of *Jupiter* striving to defend his Son *Polites*, he was killed by *Pyrrius*.

( 37. ) *Cassandra*, *Priam's* Daughter, a Prophetess. She would not let *Apollo* ly with her, but *Ajax* ravish'd her.

( 38. ) *Polyxena*, Another Daughter of King *Priam*, a Celebrated Beauty, but very unfortunate.

( 39. ) *Paris*, Son of *Priam*, a very handsome stout Fellow, but an unhappy Spark, for his Lewdness was the cause of *Troy's* Destruction.

( 40. ) *Hecuba*, Wife of *Priam*, who for her continual exclaiming against the *Greeks*, and reviling them for the murder of her Husband and Children, and ruining her Country, was by Poetical Fiction said to be Metamorphos'd into a Bitch.

( 41. ) *Mythridates* King of *Pontus*, who after forty years War with the *Romans*, being overcome by them, attempted to Poyson himself, but could not, by reason of the Antidotes he had so constantly enured his Body too ; so he slew himself. If the *Mitridate* which our *Apotecaries* prepare ( and which without scruple took its name from him ) will have the same Sovereign effects, and is a true Receipt of his Antidote, it ought to be highly valued.

( 42. ) *Cræsus*, King of *Lydia*, boasting to *Solon* of his prodigious Riches, and from thence calculating his Happiness, the wise Philosopher told him, his Happiness could not be stated till his end was known, before which he was put in Chains by *Cyrus* King of *Persia*, and condemned to be burnt to Death. Now altho' at the Minute of his Execution he received pardon, as the Story will tell you, yet without dispute it was a great Interruption of his Felicities to be brought to such an extremity.

( 43. ) Old *Marius*. So very goodly an old Man to look upon, that the very Majesty of his presence alone disabled a Slave sent to kill him, and struck him with that terror, that the Wretch let fall his Sword, and left him. This *Marius* from a mean Birth arose to such Grandeur by his Achievements in War, that he was six times chosen Consul, and afterwards banish'd, distress'd & imprison'd and begg'd his Bread : After that recalled by *Cinila* to *Rome* he was the Seventh time made Consul, and caus'd great Bloodshed in the Civil Wars betwixt him and *Sylla* ; at last he died of a Fever.

- ( 44. ) *Pompey the Great*: See Number 13.
- ( 45. ) *Brutus*, one in *Catiline's* Conspiracy, who was strangled in Prison.
- ( 46. ) *Cicero*, another of the same Conspirators, who died after the same manner.
- ( 47. ) *Caesar*, the chief of the Conspiracy, slain in Battle.
- ( 48. ) *Leda*, A mortal Lady, who got with Child by *Jupiter*, brought forth Twins, one a God and the other a Goddess viz. *Apollo*, and *Artemis*.
- ( 49. ) *Diana*, very handsome, yet esteemed the Goddess of Chastity.
- ( 50. ) *Lucretia*, Ravish'd by *Sexus Tarquinius*, Stab'd her self. The Story is known sufficiently.
- ( 51. ) *Virginia*, The beautifull of *Virginius*, who (to prevent the violation of her chastity by *Appius Claudius*, one of the *Decemviri*, and being made his Bondslave ) Stab'd her with his own Hands, crying out, I send thee, my dear Daughter, to the shades of our Forefathers free and honest. Two Titles which Tyranny would not let thee enjoy living. Then shewed he his Bloody Hands to his fellow Souldiers, who animated thereby, strait ways wrought the destruction, not only of *Appius Claudius*, but of the *Decemviri*, and restored Consuls again.
- ( 52. ) *Ruth*, A Roman Lady, no ways unfortunate, but that she was Old, Ugly, and crooked.
- ( 53. ) *Hippolytus*, The Son of *Theseus* was belov'd by his Mother-in-Law *Phaedra*; but he refusing her, in revenge she wrought his Death. The residue of the Story seems such a confounded lie, I cannot find in my conscience to tell it.
- ( 54. ) *Bellerophon*, Son of *Glaucus*, King of *Epirus*, residing at the Court of *Procrustes* King of the *Argives*, his Queen *Sinobee* made love to him; he refusing her, she turn'd the accusation upon him, and procured him to be plagued by insufferable dangers, which he overcoming was concluded to be innocent, and with much ado escap'd with Life.
- ( 55. ) *As his*, *So*, *Cajus Silius*, a very handsome noble Roman, to whom that lewd Empress, *Agrippina*, the Wife of *Claudius* must needs be married, altho her Husband was on a great journey: Had *Silius* refused her, she would have commanded his present Death; and quickly after, when *Claudius* knew it, he returns, and orders them both to be put to Death.
- ( 56. ) *Sardanapalus*, The last King of *Assyria*, one so shamefully Effeminate, that he would dress himself like a Woman, and sit and Spin among the Ladies in his *Seraglio*. Which brought him to a very unhappy end.



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